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FRANK TULLY, The almond flowers in the breezes shake,
The roses still blush through the dew;
But the springtime of hope will never awake,
And the lone, lone heart will wait till it break
Tender and true—adieu, adieu! ANUFACTURER OF CIGARS. All the best brands of cigars for sale. Dealer in acco, Pipes, pouches, etc. Store in post-office

DIVORCED.

In the dreary waste of the coming years
My neck shall be bare of her false, false urms,
The kisses that lied to my lips, the tears
And smiles that cheated, have lost their harms

And yet, can I drive from my dreams the face Of the winsome girl whom I made my wife? While it loses each day its dainty grace. As her vain tears flow from her ruined life?

Somewhere she is weeping in bitter shame, Hated by women and mocked by men, To her penitent lips is pressed the same Full measure of grief that she brought me

And the worst of it is that I cannot say,
"Come back to me out of your grief and sha
Though I yield my life, there is yet no way
To wipe the stain from her sullied fame.

This is the end of it all; for each,
Ruin, despair, and a piercing pain,
Sharper than death; while I cannot reach
My hand to draw her to peace again.
—W. L. Aiden, Appleton's Journal.

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

Our God in heaven, from that holy place, To each of us an angel guide has given; But mothers of dead children have more grace For they give angels to their God in heaven.

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unhed Our God forgot, our holy saints defied; But can a mother hear her dead child plead And thrust those little angel hands aside?

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ace rendered in proving up legitima

Nearer to God by mother love. We all tre blind and weak; yet surely she can ne With such a stake in heaven, fail or fall. OFFICERS: J. C. FRAKER. J. R. MEAD. A. H. GOSSARD. She knows that when the mighty angels raise Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone Is her's forever, that one little praise, One little hanny voice, is all her own

We may not see her sacred crown of honor, But all the angels fitting to and fro— Pause, smiling as they pass—they look upon her As mother of an angel whom they know. Will do a general banking business. GOLD AND SILVER, FOREIGN AND EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD. Will buy and sell COUNTY SCRIP and other local securities. One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet— The children's place in heaven—who softly sir A little chant to please them, slow and sweet; Or smiling, strokes their little folded wings;

Interest allowed on time deposits. Or gives them her white lilles, or her beads To play with; yet, in spite of flower or song, They often lift a wistful look that pleads And asks her why their mother stays so long. Then our dear queen makes answer—she will call Her very soon; meanwhile they were beguiled To wait and listen while she tells them all A story of her Jesus as a child. Revenue Stamps for sale.

sing ample facilities for the advantageous of our business, we promise to all our rs the most favorable rates and the Ah! saints in heaven may pray with earnest will And pity for their weak and erring brothers; Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still— The little children pleading for their mothers. THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

> Pierre Raymond was engaged to Janie Martin and his sleep was troubled with dreams about his idol. He dreamed that they were in a dark wood of close-grouped funeral hemlocks and spruces—Janie was struggling in the ever-tightening folds of a boa-constrictor with a human face, like that of Lindley Grey, a discarded lover of Janie's, while he, striving vainly to cry out, to hasten to her assistance, seemed paralyzed in every limb, helpless as a

He woke, bathed in a cold perspira tion, with a painful sense of the vividness and reality of the horrible vision which had oppressed his dreams.
Surely something had happened to
Janie—surely some dark peril hung

threateningly over her future. It was some time before reason and common sense came to his aid suffi-ciently to enable him to laugh at the unreal chimeras, yet he hardly felt safe the next day until he had taken Janie Martin's home in on his way to the office, learning of the good boarding-house keeper that "Miss Martin was quite well!" quite well

"I-I think I will see her for a minute, if she will receive me!" he said. Mrs. Reeves came back presently-Would Mr. Raymond walk up to Miss Martin's sitting room?"

Janie sat on the floor hurriedly turning things into her trunk, in the midst of a chaos of feminine belongings.

"Janie! surely you are not going

away !" "I must, Pierre. I have just received a telegram from my step-mother, who is very ill and wants me to come to her at once. I must travel night and day or it may be too late." ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL

"Let me see the telegram." Janie gave him the slip of paper and he read "Your step-mother is very ill-not expected to live. Come to her at once. Railroad, and all points in Southwestern Kansas, arrive at and depart from this house daily. 1-ly

"Janie," he said, "are you not acting a little rashly? Wait until you hear more definite tidings." "Until my step-mother is dead? Oh, Pierre, she was so kind to me when poor papa was taken away, and the little children will need my care

"There is no use in wasting words, Pierre; I must go by the noon train.' "Where is it?" "In Darnellsdale, twelve miles from Courtfield. I go as far as Courtfield by train, and there take the stage." "When will you reach there?"
"At midnight, if we meet with no

"Janie," said Pierre Raymond, derminately, "I shall go with you."
"Indeed you shall not Pierre," the little damsel, resolutely, and flushing up to the roots of her hair. will go alone."
"I do not think it safe, Janie."

laughing.
"But listen to me, my dearest," and urged by some strong, irresistible power, Pierre told Janie the story of his dream. She laughed more merrily FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

"Now I am determined you shall not accompany me, Pierre. A man to allow a foolish dream to influence his conduct! Never! "But, Janie, I insist upon it!"

"And I utterly refuse. There!"

"Janie!" he said, almost sternly.

"If you do not abandon the subject

at once for all," she said, resolutely, "I shall consider it as a sign and token that you desire your engagement to be or," demanded the Jehu, growing irste "But you will let me-She put up her hand playfully yet on, I say."

imperatively over his lips.
"What did I tell you? Come, your perate hurry to get all these things from?" "I am to consider myself dismissed then?" he said, half laughing, half

stood on the threshold.

"I shall write to you as soon as I get there, and we will be separated but a brief time after all."

"I may see you off at the depot?"
"Not even that." Janie was beginning to be annoyed again. "Let me have my own way for once—it is a wo-man's privilege, until she is married,

Pierre Raymond was disquieted still. The dream haunted him every hour; it would neither be laid nor exercised, "If I were at all inclined to be a superstitious man," said Pierre Ray-mond, "I should believe this to be a

warning—I should regard myself as mad if I gave no heed to it." It was a brilliant starlight night when the trim little figure in the sober traveling dress and veiled face took her seat in the stage coach which stood at the Courtfield depot, awaiting the advent of all Darnellsdale passengers -starlight but cold, with a frosty clearness in the mosphere which made closed windows by no means un-

"Not but two faces besides the out- tions, side passenger," mattered the driver, discontentedly, as he slammed to the door and mounted to his place behind the horses, where a tall, dark figure already sat; "I ain't goin' to make my fortin' on the Darnellsdale road, that's

Janie Martin glanced curiously toward the other passenger—a mascu-line-looking old woman in a beaver bonnet, a green berege veil, and a huge, old-fashioned bombazine cloak with double capes, who sat nodding, with her elbows on the lid of the square wicker basket she carried in her lap. Janie felt strangely lonely—even the companionship of the uncouth crea-ture, she fancied, would be better than utter isolation, so she timidly attempted to begin an acquaintance.
"It is a very cold to-night," she re-

marked in a conciliatory tone.
"Eh?" demanded the old woman, outting her hand inquiringly to her "A cold night?" cried Janie, at the

top of her sweet little voice.
"Eh?" It was plain that the old woman would not be much company for Janie and she abandoned her social essay in despair. Still a deaf old woman was better than nobody at all. Janie felt that, all alone in the coach, she should have been very lonely in spite of the nervous thrills she experienced once drawed in great coat and dirty boots. or twice, when happening to look up, as the coach rattled through the gas-lighted suburbs of Cornfield, she caught the quick vigilance of the old woman's furtive, sideway glance instantly withdrawn.

It was not pleasant, and Janie almost wished that she had consented to Pierre Raymond's wish to accompany her as an escort on the long and lonely journey. Pierre's dream, laughed at and forgotten at the time, came back to her now with strange distinctness, oddly blended with unpleasant recollections

of Lindley Grey.
"I am a goose," mentally protested
Janie, "and I'll go to sleep." But she could not sleep. Onward rolled the lumbering coach, past the suburbs, beyond the few scattering abitations that clung to the outskirts of the little town into the open country woods, where the solitary farm houses that they occasionally had passed were already closed and darkened for the night—woods, where the rus-tling dead leaves, eddying downward, sounded like weird whispers; valleys where the mosning sounds of lonely streams kept up their monotone; dreary hillsides, where blackened stumps and crooked lines of tumbleddown stone walls presented a dreary prospect; past them all the stage coach lumbered and jolted, until suddenly they plunged into the dark fragrant recesses of evergreen wood. where the tall hemlocks and clusters of spruce trees seemed almost to reach the interlacing boughs over the narrow

Janie gave a quick start-it was the very wood that Pierre had described o her so vividly outlined in his dream. In an instant the warm blood seemed o congeal icily in her veins.

"Nonsense," she murmured; "it is a mere coincidence; but I wish we were safely out of this place! We have outlived the age of highway robbers and

midnight brigands, yet—"
The coach came suddenly to a standstill. With a sick sensation of terror Janie leaned out of the window. Through the frosty freshness of the

night air came perceptibly to her senses that peculiar odor of chloroform. The coachman had fallen from his box, and lay like one dead on the roadside, the reins trailing beneath the hoofs of the docile horses; while the outside passenger had descended, and hurrying around to the coach door, flung it open, with a coarse, exultant sound like a laugh. The lantern that he carried displayed his evil, triumphant face; in fact he made no attempt to hide it any

"Lindley Grey!" shricked Janie, recoiling to the further end of the ve-

"Yes, Lindley Grey!" he answered jeeringly; "don't fancy me for a traveling companion, very haughty, spir-ited young lady? It is my turn to dictate terms now; you are in my power at last. Out with you, old lady!"

He turned savagely toward the other passenger, giving her arm a pull to expedite her descent. The old woman, tottering uncertainly to her feet, hesitated an instant on the step of the coach. The next instant a blow-short. sharp and sudden-descended directly between Lindley Grey's eyes, and he fell like a log on the roadside carpet of hemlock leaves and pine needles. The square wicket basket rattled close to

the ground.
"Here, coachman, up with you." cried a clear manly voice to the bewildered Jehu, who was just raising himself on one elbow, and staring vaguely around, like one wakened from a deep slumber; "help me to tie the rascal hand and foot. He won't get up again in a hurry valess my right hand has forgotten its cunning; but it's just as well to make sure of the villain." "Where am I? What

cried the man. "You've been drugged with chloroform, but you are all right now. Come. up with you and bear a hand here." him," demanded the man, as he obey-

ed, not without difficulty.

"Leave him here by the road; he won't take cold, I'll venture to say! There; he's safe enough now! Jump on your box and drive on." "Can't I thrash him first, your honas he recovered his dazed senses

"No, he's sufficiently punished; drive "But, your honor, where's the old "What did I tell you? Come, your woman? She hain't gone off on a business awaits you and I am in a des-

gave him a coaxing little kiss as he bing hysterically, found herself clasped stood on the threshold. "Janie, my precious one, don't cry so bitterly. You are safe now." "Oh, Pierre, what would have hap-

> For the deaf old woman in the bombazine cloak with the square wicker basket was Pierre Raymond, who, driven onward by the irresistible impulse of his warning dream, had taken pulse of his warning dream, had taken the express train, and, contrary to B. Gough.
>
> Janie's wishes, became her guardian He was an old man. Not so very

they reached Darnellsdale, Janie's stepmother was found in the most perfect
health, and surprised enough she was
to see her husband's daughter so pale
and travel-wearied. The telegram had been a mare falsification to aid the workings of Lindley Grey's machinations.

A hat—it must have been intended for one—half concealed the owner's uncoming locks; and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with brickbats and the gutter did that to gladden it; and then, you know, he removed to afformer part of the country. Mr. Strong, and lost sight of Janie Martin returned to the city

ond, and from that day and thenceorward, neither of them again saw or heard of Lindley Grey.

But although they stoutly declare that they are no believers in old times superstition, they are both slightly in-clined to put faith in the fantastic prophecies of dreams.

once again to be married to Pierre Ray-

Old Emery was at one period of his career celebrated for his personifica-tion of the incorruptible but tender hearted sentinel in Pizarro. One evening Pizarro was advertised, and the audience, having waited beyond the usual time for the curtain to rise, became impatient, when at length the manager came forward and informed the audience that in consequence of the absence of a principal performer, they were obliged to request a few minutes longer indulgence. The actor was scarcely off the stage, when John Kembie, dressed for Rolla, walked on, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play this evening, I am required to inform you that the person alluded to is Mr. Emery!" The house received his face red with haste and wet with perspiration, on rushed the culprit. Emery staid some moments before the audience apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this affect: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had occasion to appear as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies (for you I most particularly ad-dress), my wife"—and here the poor fellow's feeling almost overcame him— "my wife was but an hour since brought to bed, and I-thunders of applause interrupted the apology-and

ran for the doctor." enough!" exclaimed a hundred tongues "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe." "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough," re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after an ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed gracefully to all parts of the house. The play proceeded without any interruption, but it ap-peared that Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble; for in the scene before the prison, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue: Rolla—"Have you a wife?" Sentinel— "I have." Rolla—"Children?" Sentinel-"I had two this morning, I have got three now." Loud applause follow-ed this retaliation, which continued so long that the entire effect of the scene wos lost, and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion.

terminated it by abruptly rushing into HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED. The number of persons who, having been hanged, have subsequently found themselves in a position to give an account of their sensation during the process, is exceedingly small, and their experiences should, when found, be made a note of. A correspondent of the Paris Gaulois, moved by private affliction, once tried to hang himself, himself, but after remaining suspended for some time he was fortunately cut down before life became extinct, and has com-

mitted to paper a full relation of his Having resolved to put an end to a life which was no longer endurable, he drove a nail into the wall of his cham-ber, attached a looped cord thereto, stood upon a chair, and placed his head in the loop. At this critical moment he confesses that he had some notion of taking his head out and getting off the chair. But "l'amore propre vis-a-vis de lui-meme" sustained him, and he very slowly kicked away the chair. immediate consequent sensation was, he states, "very strange." From the soles of his feet to the crown of his head "a sort of general mixing up of the fluids of the body" ensued. Sud-denly there flashed before his eyes a sparkling, dancing light of a color which he finds it difficult to describe, but in which blue and a sombre red predominate. Presently the flashing light concentrated at a single focus, and thence spread away into ripples such as are made in a pond when a stone is cast into it. At the same time a fearful weight pressed upon his head a compression as if his temples were tightly bound in a ring. His hands and feet were full of pius and needles. Needles without number seemed to pass out of the ends of his tingers by process of continual expulsion. Then came a terrible "snapping" at the nape of the neck; and along his spine there passed a wiggling (fretilement) which he "can compare only to a small

ed with steam, and lighted with gas. There is a fine library, where can be found Cobb's Elementary works, the

genius.

"If nothing had happened to you Janie," he said, "you would never have known who was your fellow traveler. As matters have transpired, I can but thank the merciful providence that through the medium of a dream was so clearly pointed out to me my path of duty."

As Raymond had expected, when they reached Darnellsdale, Janie's stepmother was found in the most perfect health, and surprised enough she was old, either, for the wrinkles that mark-

> same hat produce. Then there was a you.' coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a On pair of elbows in rejoicing conscious-ness that they "could afford to be out." was feurful to behold, and then in a Add to these, reader, a tattered pair of trowsers, and you have a picture of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only "grog shop" he was allowed to enter.
>
> And yet the wretched friendless man that set there made it is the transfer of the provision of the previous to his death, that if I ever visited his native place I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you they unfolded a terrible that sat there, under the stupefying story to me, Mr. Strong. They told effect of his morning dram, had a heart, me of a desolate and broken household. effect of his morning dram, had a heart, and far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in the heart was a door easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs of time and neglect, was written, "Man." But nobody dreamed of this; and when the temperance man had gone to him, and promised him employment and respectability if he would "sign," and others (well-meaning men) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with pertinacity to

the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by A sof a lady with a pale, high brow, mild oid Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope tonishment, as the bar-keeper tendered the lady a seat, and pointed to the other, saying, "That's Bill Strong, ma'am," and, with a glance that indicated very plainly his wonder at what she could want there, left her alone with the astounded and now thoroughly sobcred The soft eyes of the lady wandered

with a sad, pitying expression over Bill's features, and then, in a low, sweet voice, she asked,

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?" Ah! with these few words the lady had got further up the winding stairs and nearer the hidden door than all who had gone before her.
"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said

old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow that was peeping out. It was a long time since he had been addressed as Mr. William Strong, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to "I am very glad to meet you Mr Strong," responded the lady; "I heard my father speak of you so often, and of

the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we

were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morri-"Oh! no, Charley and I used to be great cronies," said old Bill, with a sudden animation, and a light in his eve, such as had not shone there for a ong time except when rum gave it a

fitful brilliancy.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs and was softly feeling for that unseen door, so she went

"I almost feel, Mr. Strong, as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood. I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of yellow harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass before the front door, with the huge apple tree that threw its shadows across it: and the old 'portico' with the grape vine that climbed over it, and the white roses that peeped in at the bed-room windows, and the spring that went shining and babbling through the bed of green mint at the side of the

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally, but, unmindful

of this, the lady kept on in the same low, melting voice: "'Many and many were the hours,' so father would say, 'that Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide or seek, or lolling on the grass telling each other the great things we meant to do when we became big men, while Willie's blue eyes would sparkle with hope and happiness; and when the sunset laid a crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, Willie's mother might be seen standing in the portico, with her snowy cap and checked apron, and we would hear her voice calling,

Come, boys, come to supper." One after another the big, warm, olessed tears went rolling down old Bill's cheeks and falling on the pine table. Ah, the lady was at the door

father would say, 'and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too; and when these had disappeared, Wilwould draw his little stool to his mother's feet and she would tell 'dm ome pleasant story of Joseph, or Dabecame a great man, and then she occasion must keep the recording an-would part Willie's brown curls from gel very busy in making the entries in This explanation was received with off his forehead, and say in a trembling his book. Again we say, in conclusion, great cutbusiasm. serpent forcing a passage along the voice I can never forget, promise me, leave the darling at home, at least unvertebre." His last sensation was Willie, when you are a man, and the til he is of sufficient age to be amused one of acute pain at the throat and gray hairs of your mother are resting and no longer a howling, shricking, shoulder-blades, and finally came the in the church yard youder, you will screaming fiend of noise—Ex. with you and bear a hand here." state of perfect unconsciousness, upon never disgrace her memory.' And "What are you going to do with recovering from which he was not Willie would braw up his slight form, unaturally surprised to find himself still in a world which he had been at such pains to quit.

White would braw up has agent lotter and when he says: "It is strange how closely the men read the papers. We never say anything that anybody too;' and then, after we had said our don't like but we soon hear of it, and The Georgetown, Kentucky, Times says that a fancy farmer of Scott county has built a two thousand dollar hog pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmpleasant dream, we would hear a well-pay some man a hundred compliments pleasant dream, we would hear a well-known footfall on the stairs, and a kind face bending over would inquire if we were nicely tucked up. 'It is a

"But far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in the heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written, 'Weman."

"And so it is with the drunkard; far way up a great many pair of winding she resumed:

"And so it is with the drunkard; far way up a great many pair of winding she resumed:

"But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good to look at them,' he would say, 'as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile

Once again the lady paused, for

turned a deaf ear to all these things, and gone back with pertinacity to "cups," everybody said old Bill Strong's case was a hopeless one. Ah! none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs and read the inscription on the hidden door there.

But while the unhappy man sat by the nine table that morning, the bar-A soft hand was laid soothingly upon

Winning murmured—"Even for this there expression on her mild face. The man mercy. There is a redemption through looked up with a vacant stare of as- the atoning merits of Jesus, and you well know your First step toward it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you as your friend, will you do it?" "I will," said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such force on the rickety pine table that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up his features as he seized the pen and paper the lady placed before him, which paper con-tained a declaration binding all who signed it to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; and when he returned it to her-in bold, legible characters there lay written beneath it

the name of "William Strong." There was an expression almost ludicrous from its intenseness of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady, after her long interview with old Bill, passed quietly through the shop, and the expression was not lessened when old Bill, a few moments after, walked through without taking another glass of grog; and he never passed over the threshold again. Earnest-hearted reader, you whose soul may be glowing with sympathy for your erring brother man, who

would gladly raise him from the depths of sin and degradation, and point hin to the highway of peace and prosperity, remember there is a door in every human breast. See that pass not by it .-

THE EABY OF THE PERIOD.

ed almost supernatural that a body se small could contain such an awfu amount of noise that vented itself in a perpetual series of shrill shricks. By him we mean the baby of the period the future president that is carried to shows, circuses, lectures and other ansusements in its mother's arms, and we further mean to say that he came out strong, he did. Staid old gentlemen, with good moral characters and silver-headed canes, mattered words that sounded like a cuss; fast young gents, in high-heeled boots and strug-gling with high hats, heaped anathe mas dire upon the bald head of the baby of the period that screamed in horrid discord, while even the ladies, young, middle-aged and elderly, in the idience, seemed nervous and agitated. The baby of the period who squalls in public is a great nuisance, and the worst of it is, he does not care a snap what the newspapers say about him. The parents, however, are the proper persons to censure for improperly bringing an element of discord into public places. The nother of the baby of the period is generally of the slat-ternly order; radiant in bright colored raiment, with much animation in shaking up the baby and bossing her hus-band around, for the maternal relative of the howling little wretch is of a strong mind and fond of displaying her authority in public. The father of the fature president is of a subdued cast of countenance and sneaking gait; his garments are usually of a sad hue, and e is eternally engaged in a hand to hand struggle with an old plug hat, You will see him, between the acts, promote application and to prevent pick up the plug hat, carrying it as if any possibility of fright on the part of it were a most valuable piece of china the ladics. "Ladies and gentlemen," ware, and he will return odorous of said he, "you must not be frightened cloves and lemon peel, a trifle red at what you hear, nor imagine that it about the eyes and incoherent in speech, is done by sporrits. You'll hear a Oh, man and woman! possessors of voice sometimes up atop of the chimthe baby of the period, why do you not bly, and sometimes down in the seller, leave the treasure at home, and thus but don't be skeeped; the sounds ain save yourself much mental cursing up thar. I make em all myself away from the infuriated public. Oh, baby vid, or some good boy who afterward of the period! the profanity you alone word) in my innards, and that's the Horace Greeley hits the nail on the

"But, your honor, where's the old woman? She hain't gone off on a broomstick? And where did you drop from?"

The tall stranger laughed. "I am the old woman."

The man mounted his box, not quite certain whether he was in a land of enchantment or not, and Janie, still sois.

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Boston papers say that New York wives, when engaged against their spouses, call them custom house frands.

A lady who had repeatedly called her little boy to come in and say his prayers, was shocked by his asking her if "God was in much of a hurry?"

burgh, on New Year's day. The first toast was Pocahontas-Heaven bless her for saving the Smiths to this coun-

Said a youngster, in high glee, dis-playing his purchases to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: "Two cocoanuts for ten cents! That will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to

A Wyoming legislator recently ad-vanced the following proposition, in a debate on female suffrage: "No woman ain't got no right to set on a jury, unless she is a man, and every lawyer knows it, and I don't believe in it, any-

A heartless editor in declining a says to the poet. "You speak of your subject as floating in the water, and then you afterward speak of him lying on his bier. Now which is it, water or

A few days ago a man carried a chalenge to mortal combat to a Jacksonville brewer, who, as soon as he read the message, turned to and whipped the bearer in a rough and tumble light, and said: "Maybe some more of dem wants to make drouble mit me."

makes allusion to a Missouri editor as "a diabolical slayer of steamboat clerks, a hump-backed, hollow-eyed, hammer-headed hog, and a miserable, mangy, bench-legged coyote." For family reading there is nothing like a live evening

"What time is it, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, whom she sus-pected of being drunk, but who was doing his best to look sober. "Well, my darling, I can't tell, 'cause, you see, there are two hands on my waich, and each points to a different figure, and I don't know which to believe."

The Michigan liquor law has had the effect to bring out the following scheme for the sale of the popular beverage ; marked whisky; the apparatus revolves, and directly you see a glass of whisky standing before you, and you don't know, of course, who gave it to von, or how it came there.

smart." A Detroit thief went to the door of a house, rang the bell, and ask-ed the servant to call her mistress, as he had particular business with her. The lady came, when the stranger informed her that Mr. ---, naming the name on the door plate, had sent him to the house to get \$20 which was due him. But for one thing he might have got the money. The lady's husband had been dead seven years.

The Madison Courier prints the following specimen of the letters which in that place pass from one young we man to another: "Lou R ___ N____ awful mad at me. I don't care a bit. He can just stay mad as long as be wants to. If he thinks I care anything for him, he is mighty mistaken. I wish you would try and find out what is the matter with him-I want to know just for curiosity. I think he is real mean, don't you? Has your speckled hen set vet? MOLILIE.

A Chicago lover went to visit his girl one evening recently, but for some reason, possibly that the fire had materially changed his condition in life, she received and treated him coolly. He remained standing in the parlor a few minutes, but finally made a movement toward the door, remarking that "he guessed he'd go." "Oh!" said she, starting from a beautiful condition of He made himself heard, last evening at the opera house, and it really seem emi-unconsciousness, "won't you take a chair?" "Well, I don't care if I do," was the reply; and he took the chair, thanking her kindly, and carried it home. He says it is a good chair, made of walnut, with stuffing and green cover-just what he wanted. But he is down on that girl, and declares he wouldn't marry her-not if her father owned a brewery.

> There was a small Presbyterian church in Nauvoo, Illinois, the ancient seat of Mormonism, and prayer-moute ings were held at private houses, in the congregation was a man name. Powers. Although having a strong Powers. Although having a straight name, he yet had a weakness for sleeping during the services. In one of the prayer-meetings be was present, and as usual, his "powers" succumbed to the drowsy god. The minister, not noticing the situation, nor thinking of the sleepy man, commenced with due solemnity and earnestness to read the home. "My drowsy powers, why sleep hymn, "My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?" A young man in the congre-gation thought the hymn was compa-ed for the occasion, and "explores." ed for the occasion, and "exploded." The gravity of the audience was dis turbed, and there was not very good order during the rest of that service. order during the rest of that sers

A certain professor of legerdersoin and ventriloquism, about commencing his performance at Hannibal, Missouri, bethought him that this town was for away from the centres of civilization, and that it would be well to provide his exhibition with a few graceful words of explanation and warning, to deep down (suiting the action to the

Bow low the head-do reverence to the old man, once like you. The vicisitudes of life have silvered his bair and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once the heart that beats with aspiration was crushed by disappointment, as yours, perhaps, is destined to be. Once the form stalked promptly through the gay scene of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withered the flower yesterday, has beut that noble carriage. Once, at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that passed through your brain, new wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a height in fame; anon imagining it a dream that the sooner he wakened from